

# THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Emancipation and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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VOLUME I. NO. 21.

## Poetry.

### The Glories of Creation.

Arise, arise!—it is not meet  
To crouch for riches to the ground—  
A glorious world is at our feet—  
Ten thousand haire around!

Look up!—A vault of vivid blue;  
A moving orb of living fire;  
Mountains of clouds encircling through  
In gorgeous attire.

Look down!—Independent is the sight  
Of earth and water—sea and land;  
An ocean lashing in his might—  
An earth, in beauty, blind!

Valleys of green and hills of snow,  
Meadows and forests, flowers and trees,  
And rivers warbling as they flow,  
To the wild warbling breeze!

Beauties on beauties in a ring  
Of ever-varying richness throng;  
While Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring—  
Go hand in hand along!

Look up!—look up!—once and again!—  
A moon is coming from the deep!  
And stars on stars to grace her train!  
Are starting from their sleep!

Glorious glory! The great sky  
Trembles with splendor—and a flow  
Of hallowed radiance from on high,  
Enircles all below.

O God, O God! the sin forgive  
Of being callous to the bliss,  
Of feeling that we breathe and live  
In such a world as this!

## Miscellany.

### Astolfo's Journey to the Moon.

When the hippogriff loosened itself from the tree to which Ruggiero had tied it in the beautiful spot to which he descended with Angelica, it soared away, like the faithful creature it was, to the house of its master, Atlantis the magician. But not long did it remain there—no, nor the house itself, nor the magician; for the Paladin Astolfo came with a mighty horn given him by a greater magician, the sound of which overthrew all such abodes, and put to flight whoever heard it; and so the house of Atlantis vanished, and the enchanted field, and the Paladin took possession of the griffin-horn, and rode away with it on farther adventures.

One of these was the deliverance of Scenaps, king of Ethiopia, from the visitation of the dreadful harpies of old, who came infesting his table as they did those of Aeneas and Phineas. Astolfo drove them with his horse towards the sources of the Nile, in the Mountains of the Moon, and pursued them with the hippogriff till they entered a great cavern, which, by the dreadful cries and lamentings that issued from the depths within it, the Paladin discovered to be the entrance from earth to Hell.

The daring Englishman, whose curiosity was excited, resolved to penetrate to the regions of darkness. "What have I to fear?" thought he; the horn will assist me, if I want it. I'll drive the horn-mouthed dog out of the way, and put Pluto and Satan to flight."

Astolfo tied the hippogriff to a tree, and pushed forward in spite of a smoke that grew thicker, offending his eyes and nostrils. It became, however, so exceedingly heavy and noisome, that he found it would be impossible to complete his enterprise. Still he pushed forward as far as he could, especially as he began to discern in the darkness something that appeared to stir with an involuntary motion. It looked like a dead body which has hung up many days in the rain and sun, and is waved unsteadily by the wind. It turned out to be a condemned spirit in this first threshold of Hell, sentenced there, with thousands of others, for having been cruel and false in love. Her name was Lydia, and she had been princess of the country so called. Annarrete was among them, who, for her hard-heartedness, became a stone; and Daphne, who now discovered how she had erred in making Apollo "run so much;" and multitudes of other women; but a far greater number of men—men being worthier of punishment in offences of love, because women are prone to believe. Theseus and Jason were among them; and Ammon, the abuser of Tamar; and he that disturbed the old kingdom of Latium.

Astolfo would fain have gone deeper in the jaws of Hell, but the smoke grew so thick it was impossible to move a step further. Turning about, therefore, he regained the entrance; and having refreshed himself in a fountain hard by, and remounted the hippogriff, felt an inclination to ascend as high as he possibly could in the air. The excessive loquacity of the mountain above the cavern made him think that its top could be at no greater distance from the region of the Moon; and accordingly he pushed his horse upwards, and rose and rose, till at length he found himself on its tableland. It exhibited a region of celestial beauty. The flowers were like beds of precious stones for colour and brightness; the glass, if you could have brought any to earth, would have been found to surpass emeralds; and the trees,

whose leaves were no less beautiful, were in fruit and flower at once. Birds of as many colors were singing in the branches; the murmuring rivulets and dumb lakes were more limpid than crystal; a sweet air was for ever stirring, which reduced the warmth to a gentle temperature; and every breath of it brought an odour from flowers, fruit-trees, and herbage all at once, which nourished the soul with sweetness.

In the middle of this lonely plain was a palace radiant as fire. Astolfo rode his horse round about it, constantly admiring all he saw, and filled with increasing astonishment; for he found that the dwelling was thirty miles in circuit, and composed of one entire carbuncle, lucid and vermilion. What became of the boasted wonders of the world before this? The world itself, in the comparison, appeared but a lump of brute and fetid matter.

As the Paladin approached the vestibule, he was met by a venerable old man, clad in a white gown and red mantle, whose beard descended on his bosom, and whose aspect announced him as one of the elect of Paradise. It was St. John the Evangelist, who lived in that mansion with Enoch and Elijah, the only three mortals who never tasted death; for the place, as the saint informed him, was the Terrestrial Paradise; and the inhabitants were to live there till the angelical trumpet announced the coming of Christ "on the white cloud." The Paladin, he said, had been allowed to visit it, by the favour of God, for the purpose of fetching away to earth the lost wits of Orlando, which the champion of the Church had been deprived of for loving a Pagan, and which had been attracted out of his brains to the neighbouring sphere, the Moon.

Accordingly, after the new friends had spent two days in discourse, and meals had been served up, consisting of fruit so exquisite that the Paladin could not help thinking our first parents had some excuse for eating it, the Evangelist, when the Moon arose, took him into the car which had borne Elijah to heaven; and four horses, redder than fire, conveyed them to the lunar world.

The mortal visitant was amazed to see in the Moon a world resembling his own, full of wood and water, and containing even cities and castles, though of a different sort from ours. It was strange to find a sphere so large which had seemed so petty afar off; and no less strange was it to look down on the world he had left, and be compelled to knit his brows and look sharply before he could well discern it, for it happened at the time to want light.

But his guide did not leave him much time to look about him. He conducted him with due speed into a valley that contained, in one miraculous collection, whatsoever had been lost or wasted on earth. I do not speak only (says the poet) of riches and dominions, and such like gratuities of Fortune, but of things also which Fortune can neither grant nor resume. Much fame is there which Time has withdrawn; infinite prayers and vows which are made to God Almighty by our poor sinners. There lie the tears and the sighs of lovers, the hours lost in pastimes, the labours of the day, and the intentions of the lazy. As to desires, they are so numerous that they shadow the whole place.

Astolfo went round among the different heaps, asking what they were. His eyes were first struck with a huge one of bladders which seemed to contain mighty sounds and the voices of multitudes. These he found were the Assyrian and Persian monarchies, together with those of Greece and Lydia. One heap was nothing but hooks of silver and gold, which were the presents, it seems, made to patron and great men in hopes of a return. Another consisted of snares in the shape of guldans, the manufacture of parasites. Others were verses in praise of great lords, all made of crickets which had burst themselves with singing. Chain of gold he saw there, which were pretended and unhappy love-matches; and eagles claws, which were deputed authorities; and pairs of bellows, which were princes' favors; and overturned cities and treasures, being treasons and conspiracies; and serpents with female faces, that were coiners and thieves; and all sorts of broken bottles, which were services rendered in miserable courts. A great heap of overturned soup he found to be aims to the poor, which had been delayed till the giver's death. He then came to a mound of flowers, which once had a sweet smell, but now a most rank one. This (*sub voce*) was the present which the Emperor Constantine made to good Pope Sylvester. Heaps of twigs he saw next, set with birdlime, which, dear ladies, are your charms. In short there was no end to what he saw. Thousands and thousands would not complete the list. Every thing was there which was to be met with on earth, except folly in the raw material, for that is never exported.

There he beheld some of his own lost time and deeds; and yet, if nobody had been with him to make him aware of them, never would he have recognised them as his.

They then arrived at something which none of us ever prayed God to bestow, for we fancy we possess it in superabundance; yet here it was in greater quantities than any thing else in the place—I mean, sense. It was a subtle fluid, apt to evaporate if not kept closely; and here accordingly it was kept in vials of greater or less size. The greatest of them all was inscribed with the following words: "The sense of Orlando." Others, in like manner, exhibited the names of the proper possessors; and among them the frank-hearted Paladin beheld the greater portion of his own. But what more astonished him, was to see multitudes of the vials almost full to the stopper, which bore the names of men whom he had supposed to enjoy their senses in perfection. Some had lost them for love, others for glory, others for riches, others for hopes from great men, others for stupid conjurers, for jewels, for paintings, for all sorts of whims. There was a heap belonging to sophists and astrologers, and a still greater to poets.

Astolfo, with leavens of the "writer of the dark Apocalypse," took possession of his own. He had but to uncork it, and set it under his nose, and the wit shot up to its place at once. Turpin acknowledges that the Paladin, for a long time afterwards, led the life of a sage man, till, unfortunately, a mistake which he made cost him his brains a second time.

The Evangelist now presented him with the vial containing the wits of Orlando, and the travellers quitted the vale of Lost Treasure. Before they returned to earth, the good saint showed his guest other curiosities, and favoured him with many a sage remark, particularly on the subject of poets, and the neglect of them by courts. He showed him how foolish it was in princes and other great men not to make friends of those who can immortalize them; and observed, with singular indulgence, that crimes themselves might be no hindrance to a good name with posterity; if the poet were but feed well enough for spices to embalm the criminal. He instanced the cases of Homer and Virgil.

"You are not to take for granted," said he, "that Aeneas was so pious as fame reports him, or Achilles and Hector so brave. Thousands and thousands of warriors have excelled them; but their descendants bestowed fine houses and estates on great writers, and it is from their honoured pages that all the glory has proceeded. Augustus was no such religious or Clement prince as the trumpet of Virgil has proclaimed him. It was his good taste in poetry that got him pardoned his iniquitous proscription. Nero himself might have fared as well as Augustus, had he possessed as much wit. Heaven and earth might have been his enemies to no purpose, had he known how to keep friends with good authors. Homer makes the Greeks victorious, the Trojans a poor set, and the Greeks undergo a thousand wrongs rather than be unfaithful to her husband; and yet, if you would have the real truth of the matter, the Greeks were beaten, and the Trojans the conquerors, and Penelope was a —. See, on the other hand, what infamy has become the portion of Dido. She was honest to her heart's core; and yet, because Virgil was no friend of hers, she is looked upon as a baggage."

"Be not surprised," concluded the good saint, "if I have expressed myself with warmth on this subject. I love writers, and look upon their cause as my own, for I was a writer myself when I lived among you; and I succeeded so well in the vocation, that time and death will never prevail against me. Just therefore is it, that I should be thankful to my beloved Master, who procured me so great a lot. I grieve for writers who have fallen on evil times—men that, with pale and hungry faces, find the doors of courtesy closed against all their hardships. This is the reason there are so few poets now, and why nobody cares to study. Why should he study? The very beasts abandon places where there is nothing to feed them."

At these words the eyes of the blessed old man grew so inflamed with anger, that they sparkled like two fires. But he presently suppressed what he felt, and turning with a sage and gracious smile to the Paladin, prepared to accompany him back to earth with his wonted serenity.

He accordingly did so in the sacred car, and Astolfo, after receiving his gentle benediction, descended on his hippogriff from the mountain, and, joining the delighted Paladins with the vial, his wits were restored, as you have heard, to the noble Orlando.

CHRON.—A medical correspondent of the New Hampshire Journal of Medicine, states that for three years he has used alum in croup, and in all that time has not seen a fatal case which was treated with it from the beginning. He usually gave about ten grains, once in ten minutes, until vomiting is induced, using at the same time tartar emetic or the live syrup freely—the latter subduing the inflammation, while the alum has more of a repulsive action.

### 'Boys Wanted.'

We took the following from some one of our exchanges, but which one we now cannot tell, as we omitted to mark it at the moment of exclamation:

What are we to do for Boys? When we were a boy, there were lots of boys; but they have gradually grown scarce, until now there is hardly a boy left. As we walk through the streets we read in shop-windows, "Boys Wanted." When we pick up a newspaper, the first advertisement that strikes our eye is, "A Boy Wanted." In a word, everybody wants a boy.

Now, in view of this great scarcity of boys, what are we to do? What shall we do for a substitute to light our fires, sweep our offices, run our errands?

The other day a little fellow about fourteen years of age (begging his pardon, we took him for a boy) applied to us for a situation.

"What can you do?" we inquired.

"A little of almost everything," was the reply.

"Are you quick at errands?"

"Well, sir, I don't much like to do errands."

"Can you sweep and dust well?"

"Why, sir, young men don't sweep any now-a-days. The women folks have monopolized that branch of business. It isn't."

He was going on to say, sweeping isn't genteel, but he hesitated to state his conviction.

"How will you make yourself useful?"

"Why, I'll sit in the office and answer questions when you are out."

"And how much do you ask for this service?"

"In the neighborhood, sir, of three dollars."

"In the neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you mean by 'neighborhood'?"

Simply three dollars, sir—a trifle more or less."

"And you can neither sweep nor run errands?"

"O, [a little vexed] I could, but—"

"But what?"

"Aint exactly the thing."

"Yet at your age?"

Sir," said he, picking up his hat and striding toward the door, "you don't take me for a boy, do you?"

Amused, but not astonished, we asked ourselves the question. What are we to do for Boys?

If some enterprising Yankee would undertake to get up a lot of boys, he could make a large fortune in a short time, for never, within our recollection, have boys been in such demand.

In years ago, hatters used to advertise hats for boys. Now it is hats for young gentlemen. Then there were schools for boys—tailors for boys—sports of all kinds for boys. But as the race of boys ran out, young gentlemen took their places.

Have we a Boy among us?—that's the question.

JESUS AND THE DEAD DOG.—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALLEGORIES.—A very old Persian story says: Jesus arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place.

And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together, looking at an object on the ground; and he drew near, to see what it was.

It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eye of man.

And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence.

"Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose, "it pollutes the air."

"How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?"

"Look at his torn hide," said a third, "one could not even eat a shoe out of it."

"And his ears," said a fourth, "all dragged and bleeding."

"No doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged for thieving."

And Jesus heard them; and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said, "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth."

Then the people turned towards him with amazement, and said among themselves, "Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only he could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog;" and being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way.

THE PLAYS OF OUR GRAND PARENTS.—One was: A gentleman—then called a young fellow—put the end of a coil of string into his mouth, gallantly presenting the other end to a selected young lady: the duty of both was to absorb the string with their lips, till by degrees they approached each other, as if attracted by a magnetic influence, and a kiss, if one could be accomplished in spite of the mutual impediment, concluded the affair. If each were willing, the string must be a long one if it kept their lips asunder.

### 'Little Girls.'

"What has become of all the little girls now-a-days. One sees plenty of miniature young ladies with basque waists and flounces, dress hats, and tiny watches, promenade the streets or attending juvenile parties, but, alas! a little girl is a rarity—one who will play baby-house and live a life-time in a few hours, making day, night succeed each other with astonishing rapidity, a fifteen minutes' recess at school affording plenty of time for weeks of play-house life: one to whom a neat plain gingham dress, and sun-bonnet is the perfection of school dress, and bonnets that will not be injured if they are wet in river or brook, and apron strings enough to bring home any quantity of nuts from the woods, in lieu of baskets, good strong shoes that will come off with ease on a warm summer's day, when the cool brook tempts the warm little feet to have themselves in its waters, instead of delicate gaiters, which shrink from such rude treatment."

"Well! it is to be hoped the race of little girls will not become utterly extinct. There must be some 'wasting their sweetness upon the desert air,' for surely they bloom not in our cities, and but rarely in our villages."

"At an age when little girls used to be dressing dolls, we now see them decked in all their finery, parading—streets, and flirting with young students. Where on earth are the mothers of these precious flirts? Are they willing to allow such folly?"

"Then as to dress: why, little miss must now be dressed as richly as mama; and the wonder is, how will she be able to outvie her present splendor when she comes out." But in this go-ahead age, some new inventions will enable her to accomplish her desires.

"As there are no little girls, so there will be no young ladies; for when miss leaves school she is engaged, soon marries, and takes her place in the ranks of American matrons. How will she fill her place? for how or when has she found time to prepare for life's duties. Wonder if it would be a good plan to turn over a new leaf, begin with them in season, and see if it is impossible to have again darling little creatures, full of life and glee, who can sun and jump without fear of tearing flounces, and finally have a set of healthy young ladies, upon whom the sun has been allowed to shine, and active exercise in the open air bestowed an abundant supply of life and energy."

"Unite a healthy body to the highly cultivated minds of our American wives and mothers, and they would be the admiration of the world, instead of being pitted for their fragility."—*Home Journal*.

### Men's vs. Women's Dress.

Mrs. Strishelm of Pittsburgh, thinks that gentlemen had better mind their own fashions before lecturing women on their mode of dress. "Here, for two winters, she says, 'they have been stalking around, looking for all the world like so many pumpkins with two corn stalks stuck in the blossom end, and a bit of stem left on the other—in coats just the length of a farmer's wampas, a half yard too wide, stuffed out with wadding, and drawn up around their ears—sleeves like ucal sacks, and pantaloons as tight as fiddle strings. To see them handle their drum-sticks in this outfit was a natural curiosity. This winter, the still-like supporters mysteriously disappear; pantaloons are invisible, and coats bid fair to rival ladies' skirts in the sublime art of street sweeping."

IRASCIBILITY OF TEMPER.—The greatest plague in life is a bad temper. It is a great waste of time to complain of other people's; the best thing is to amend our own; and the next best quality is to learn to bear what we meet in others. A bad temper will always rise itself out, if it find no one to resent it; and this very knowledge is worth a trifle. Irascibility is very injurious to the health, and so, in fact, every morbid indulgence of our inferior nature—low spirits, melancholy, diffidence, disinclination for ordinary duties, discontent, indolence, fretfulness, even down to mental lassitude, indolence, or despair—are very inimical to enjoyment in life, and every possible effort should be made to cast them all to the winds, and look unblushingly into the truth of the fact. It is astonishing what a little reflection will do—the fears are mostly imaginary, and with one dash of resolution may all be overcome.

"Sober, industrious, peaceable, patriotic citizens, demand stringent laws. They have no fears of sheriffs or magistrates. Their domicils are as secure from intrusion, and their property from seizure, under a prohibitory liquor law, as under a law against swindling. Legislatures and jurists ought to regard the wishes of this class, rather than of those who never look at a law, except to see how to evade it."

"We unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them."—*Isaiah*.

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# Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, FEBRUARY 17, 1885.

## The Severity of the Winter—Evidence of Moral Progress.

All circumstances considered, there has not, probably, been so hard a winter on the poor and laboring classes, in the city of Buffalo, since its resurrection from the ashes of 1814. It may be said that there are various causes for the stress of times this winter; but all center to a single focus, which is the madness of avarice, as manifested in the extreme to which it carries every species of speculation and money-making enterprise. It is this fundamental cause which, in its almost infinite ramifications, reaches every locality, and every individual in every community, stimulating every one in whose heart the love of money has even a latent existence, to start in the race of accumulation. So generally has the speculative mania prevailed, that the prices of every merchantable commodity, particularly those fruits of labor which are indispensable to human subsistence, have been elevated to nearly or quite double their usual value, and held to that point from '54 to '85, and up to the present moment, so that, even with steady employment, mechanics and laborers have as much as they can do to live.

At or before the commencement of this merciless winter, the rage of speculators and accumulators had reached the culminating point of successful operations, and the reaction, which can never fail to follow one of those periodical advents of madness, had commenced prostrating reckless adventurers by whole platoons. Failures of speculators produced failures of capitalists. Heavy houses have fallen; banks have failed by scores; worthless railroads have been crushed; stocks of the best have fallen ruinously, and all branches of legitimate business have suffered by sympathy. Manufacturing establishments and all ship-builders and machinists, together with boss mechanics of every kind, have been compelled to discharge operatives by dozens, scores and hundreds; and these are nearly all in a state of destitution, as the prevailing high prices rendered it difficult for them to sustain themselves and families, whilst they had constant employment. The winter is an excessively severe one; and those thousands who have been thrown out of employment by the reaction, are in a most deplorable condition. The majority of them have never been necessitated to appeal to the benevolence of the more fortunate classes for assistance, and very many of them suffer all the miseries of destitution rather than to bring upon themselves and families the indelible reproach of being degraded to the character of paupers. Many would sooner die than to be thus humiliated. Such is the social system which prevails in our country, that poverty is more disgraceful than criminality, and is much more severely punished. The highway robber and burglar are sent to comfortable quarters, where they are required to labor for the state, but are provided with all the real necessities of life. Their families are looked to by the community of which they are members, and they are not allowed to suffer, their bereavement being notorious and their necessities not hidden by modesty or pride. But the crime of poverty is generally punished without leniency. No employment is found for the poor man, in such a winter as this, by the state, nor any housing, food or firing provided for him. He must either starve, beg or steal; and the most rational of these alternatives, under all the circumstances, would seem to be the last; that being the most direct and certain method of procuring instant relief, and of securing employment and sustenance for the future. We do not, of course, recommend this third alternative; but we see that it is the most certain means of relief, under our present social organization, and hence there is nothing to be marvelled at in the frequency of those criminal acts.

In our head-line, we have coupled "Evidence of Moral Progress," with "The Severity of Winter." Happy are we, at all times, to find a comely feature in the hard physiognomy of human nature, an oasis of humanity in the desert of selfishness, to hold up as an evidence that there is a redeeming principle, not only lying latent, but becoming active, in the universal heart of our race, which promises a future of something more like fraternal sympathy and general harmony than we have found in the steel-cased selfishness of the past. Although the present winter has borne upon the poor of this city with a pressure unequalled in past history, the hearts of those whose circumstances were a perfect shield to them against the afflictions of destitution, have been thawed open, as if by the genial heat of innate kindness, and sympathy, has flown not only freely but profusely, and thousands have had the oil and wine of creature comforts poured into the wounds which adversity has inflicted, in unstinted measure. As a whole community, we have never had occasion to complain of Buffalonians for want of fellow-feeling, or for remissness in proper manifestations thereof; but we have never before seen the heart of any people so thoroughly enfolded and softened with sympathy, as is the great heart of Buffalo on the present occasion. The pleasing effect, and the evidence of moral progress, held out to the view of the philanthropist, by this occasion, are enough to make him almost thank God for the necessity which has called the latent feeling of humanity into action. Not only are the poor, who apply for succor, fed and clothed and warmed, but those who do not apply, but who are held back by feelings which have never been blunted by want or dependence, are sought

out and relieved, without that ostentatious parade which makes sympathy more oppressive than destitution itself. This is true benevolence. It feeds the hungry without asking them how they became destitute. It soothes the afflicted without administering windy homilies on the causes of their affliction. It heals the wound without the cruel process of that deep probing which antiquated quackery has ignorantly supposed to be an indispensable prerequisite. We rejoice in the faith that there is a better time coming.

## The Liquor Law.

From the best information we can get, there appears to be a determination to compass the death of the Liquor Bill in the Senate. We are writing on Wednesday morning, and the probability now is that the bill, with many and important changes from its original shape, will pass the House. But all the forces of the traffic are organized and disciplined to meet it in the Senate where the struggle, for life or death, is to take place. At that Thermopylae the Xerxes of Liquordom will make a desperate attempt to pass into and despoil the republic of Temperance. They will be met there by the Spartan Band, who will devote themselves to the cause of their country; but what the result will be, we shall not attempt to predict.

The same Senate which passed the bill last winter, will pass upon it now; but what effect the lapse of a year may have produced upon the minds of members, we cannot calculate. Much less can we tell what the effect of the concentration of the rum force may be, upon the few minds to be selected to operate upon. At the final passage of the bill, last March, there was a majority of eight in its favor. Now supposing that no mind has changed on the subject, and that no one of those who favored the bill of the last session shall choose to be so displeased with the shape of the present bill as to make that a pretext for voting against it, the rum force would have to devise ways and means to turn four of those minds. If there are now no more than those eighteen in its favor, the majority is but four; and it would only require the change of but two to defeat it. The important question, therefore, is, whether one-ninth part of those eighteen can be corrupted with money. If they can, they can have almost any sum they may choose to name. There are many heavy capitalists, besides an infinite of light ones, in that traffic, and it is a source of great gain to a great many of them. They will, therefore, consent to bleed copiously rather than suffer this restraining law to pass. They are aware that, if it do pass and become a law, it will be rigidly enforced. Hence the great necessity of staying it off till another legislature can be elected which will be less disposed to kill the monster which has killed so many citizens and done such a vast amount of mischief otherwise. If the present bill can be defeated, no labor or expense will be spared to secure a majority in the next legislature against prohibition.

Under all the circumstances, it behoves the people to watch their representatives in the Senate with the utmost vigilance. Never was there a more appropriate form of prayer than that in which is inserted, "Lead us not into temptation." So prone is the human heart of this country to be captivated by the ring of coin, that the most dangerous of all temptations is a position in which the spirit of bribery frequently approaches, all covered with gold. So general and so potent is the passion of avarice in the American breast, that money is, next to God, most omnipotent. There will be an awful accountability resting on the shoulders of the Senate, if this bill pass the House, which there now seems little doubt of; and if any one of those who voted in favor of the bill which passed last winter, shall be found voting against this bill, under any frivolous pretences, nothing can save them from the blighting indignation of those whom they will misrepresent. It will be found by any one who turns traitor, that any amount of money which he may receive for his treachery will be more dearly earned than any other garrison he ever received. He will hate every dollar of it with a bitter hatred, and he will hate himself more intensely than he can any other enemy. No such money can possibly purchase the least grain of happiness. The hell in his conscience will burn ceaselessly, till he yields up the ghost. So it should fare with traitors, and so it ever will fare with them.

A NUP-SHILL OF TRUTH.—Did you ever scratch the end of a piece of timber, slightly elevated, with a pin? Though scarcely heard at one end, it was distinctly heard at the other. Just so it is with any merit, excellency, or good work. It will sooner be heard of and applauded, and rewarded, on the other side of the globe, than by our immediate acquaintances.

PRETTY GOOD RETORT.—Gillette, of Connecticut, who sits in Congress next to Tombs, of Georgia, is frequently good naturedly run by the latter for his abolition sentiments. A few days ago, Tombs said, "Gillette, they say you abolitionists are angry at the Almighty for making the niggers black." "You informant," retorted Gillette, "is in error, and we are only angry at you slaveholders for making them white."

DISCHARGED.—The mob of females who destroyed the stock of liquors at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, were discharged from custody by the Police Court of Cincinnati, on the ground that the jurisdiction of that Court did not extend but a mile from the corporation of Cincinnati. By a singular omission on the part of the Legislature, there is no tribunal competent to try the rioters where the offence was committed.

## "I do not find it in the word of God."

This was the objection made to spiritual intercourse with mortals, by a venerable representative of orthodoxy, at the last meeting of our Harmonical Association. Taking for granted that the objector alluded to the Bible, in his reference to "the word of God," it strikes us that the reason why he did not find evidences of the truth of spiritual manifestations in that book, was that he had never perused it with his intellectual eyes open. Had he given free exercise to his perceptive faculties, he would necessarily have discovered those evidences all the way from Genesis to Revelations, including both.

What is "the word of God?" To this question we can anticipate the answer coming from the veteran champion of orthodoxy. It is, says he, the Bible. What, then, is the Bible? To this he answers, the Bible is the word of God. This is all he can tell, because it is all he knows to tell; and the fetters which his mind wears will not suffer him to learn any thing beyond what is written in the creed of his sect, or to discard even the grossest of its chronic errors.

We will say to him and all such as he, that the proper answer to the question: What is the Bible? is that it is a collection of ancient writings, from numerous authors, comprising history, law, politics, religion, poetry, and dramatic and general literature, such as abounded in the ages when the authors lived and wrote; and there is, probably, as much of truth in that collection of books as there is any other collection of any other age, bating the greater license allowed to historians and other grave writers of that age, to mingle fiction with facts.

In regard to the Bible being the word of God, we have this to say to the objector:—Truth, wherever found or however uttered, is the word of God. All that is contained in that collection of books called the Bible, which is truth, is the word of God. God is Truth. Hence Truth is His word. All those asserted facts which are contained in that collection of books, which are not facts in reality, but mere fiction, are not the word of God, because they are not truth. And, in order to discriminate between truth and falsehood, it is only necessary to see whether an asserted fact will or will not bear the test of logical analysis. If it will, it is truth, and, consequently, the word of God. If it will not bear that test, it is falsehood, and, consequently, not the word of God.

We have said, Truth, wherever and however uttered, is the word of God. If we, in this journal, write and publish the truth, we write and publish the word of God. But if we should change its present name to that of "the word of God," and publish falsehood in it, the sacredness of the name would not sanctify the falsehood and make it truth. Falsehood remains falsehood, however it may be labelled; and truth is none the less true, though it may be compelled to appear in falsehood's apparel. It is too late in the day for rational and unenslaved minds to be compelled to receive as truth all that ancient writers uttered in that collection of books termed the Bible, because King James and a council of his appointment, voted the word of God. The faith of a capable and free mind, in the truth of any revelation, must depend on the intrinsic evidence which such revelation presents to the reasoning faculties of the soul, and not on the sanction of any great name, whether of ancient or modern times.

## How Long will Men be Brutes?

It will be seen that the worse than brutal practice of prize-fighting is still carried on clandestinely in some of our great cities. Animals, claiming to be human beings because they have but two legs, agree to meet and fight till one or the other can stand it no longer, for money; and others, also claiming to be men, bet their money on them, and go long journeys to witness the combat, for which there is no incentive but the money to be fought for. This might have been less objectionable six or seven centuries ago; but the genus homo has now passed too far from the condition of the brute to render the idea of such moral degradation endurable. Slant them up like mad brutes. This is the proper way to treat them. They should have nothing but hay and raw grain to subsist on.

THE PRIZE FIGHT PREVENTED.—ARREST OF ONE OF THE PROMISERS.—The Mayor having heard last evening, that a prize fight for \$300 a side, between Geo. Lees, of this city, and Jas. McIntyre of Philadelphia, was appointed to take place to-day at Riker's Island, gave orders to the police to prevent it. A vigilant watch was kept during the night, but a steamboat with McIntyre and his friends, several hundred in number, left the lower part of the city for the place of fighting at an early hour this morning. An other boat is also said to have gone up the river with Lees's friends, but Lees was not with them. He was to have been taken on board at a certain point, but Sergeant Ford and some of the reserved corps succeeded in arresting him at John Walker's porter house, just as he was about to leave, en route for the ring.

The prisoner was brought before Mayor Wood this forenoon, and held to bail in the sum of \$2,000 to keep the peace. Officers were despatched to Riker's Island to arrest McIntyre. The latter is said to be backed by the notorious "killers" of Philadelphia. About daylight this morning, the 11th Ward police arrested John Grinnell, Thos. Jones, Wm. Doyle, Thos. Haynes, Charles Wilson, Charles Marshall, J. Nickles and Thomas McTiernan, mostly of Philadelphia, while proceeding in a carriage to take passage for Riker's Island. This party had the ropes and all the paraphernalia for the ring. They were locked up.—N. Y. Com. Adv., 7th.

## Tribute to Colonel Benton.

### INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM THE COMMITTEE OF MERCANTILE LIBRARY, ACCOMPANYING SILVER PITCHER, SALVAGE, &c.

The Hon. Thomas H. Benton:

DEAR SIR: The Board of Direction of the Mercantile Library Association, of the City of New York, beg your acceptance of the accompanying silver pitcher and salver, as a slight expression of their personal obligations to yourself, and also of their high appreciation of your valuable services to the country, which in common with all classes of American citizens, the mercantile community has abundant reason to cherish.

The recent exhibition of your generous interest in the objects and welfare of our Institution, has placed us in a position by which we are enabled to gratify the promptings of grateful hearts, and allow your liberal offer to lecture for our benefit, while it is to share the pleasure with thousands of our fellow-citizens, we were also permitted to reap a most abundant harvest of pecuniary profit. As individuals and also in our official capacity, we have, therefore, deemed it a duty to gather some of the first fruits of that harvest and offer them, in this form, for your acceptance. In making this presentation, then, Sir, we beg to be allowed still to recognize our undiminished obligations. There are those to whom it is a pleasure to feel indebted; and of that class, the Mercantile Library Association of New York may ever be proud to place Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, in behalf of the Board,

DOUGLAS LEFFINGWELL,  
FRANK W. BALLARD,  
JOHN CREER, } Committee.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 4, 1855.

To Messrs. Douglas Leffingwell, Frank W. Ballard, and John Creer, a Committee, &c.

GENTLEMEN: I have duly received your most kind letter, and the beautiful silver pitcher and salver which accompanied it—testimonial of the good will of the Mercantile Library Association of the City of New-York, for the little service I was fortunate enough to render it.

Be assured, gentlemen, and please to make it known to the Association, that I feel myself three times compensated, and overpaid every time, for the little that I did: First, in the most numerous and eminently respectable audience which did me the honor to listen to my discourse; secondly, in the rich and massive pieces of plate which you have sent me, and in the workmanship of which the taste and skill of the artist; and, thirdly, in the most generous terms in which you have referred to my public labors for our country, as well as to the small service I was able to render to your Association.

In making these acknowledgments I take leave to say, that there was an appropriateness in the selection of the particular article for the testimonial, beyond what might have been understood when the pitcher was fixed upon, and which is this: When I was young I became what Dr. Franklin was—[my only point of resemblance to that illustrious man—when he worked at his early calling in London,] an *aquatic*—the term which his comrades applied to designate him as a water-drinker. I also drank water, and nothing stronger, in the early part of my life—the first half of it; and to that abstinence from all vinous, spirituous, and fermented fluids I attribute the good health and general vigor which I now enjoy.

As this allusion touches a point at which a word might be useful to other young men desirous to advance themselves in life, and to have good health in old age, I will go on to say that, at that time, and in the South, it was the custom in every house to offer something to drink to all visitors—even boys; and that exiles were no defense for those who would refuse. Pressure, importunity, custom broke down all excuses, and it became necessary to oppose will where reason was unavailing; so I made a law for myself that I should drink nothing until I should be in the decline of life, and might need it—and resolutely pleading that law, I afterward escaped importunity. It was the first stand, "solitary and alone," that I ever made, but not the last. I was young enough, and silly enough, at that time, to suppose that this decline would come upon me at thirty; and so fixed that age as the limit for my law. When thirty came—I did not feel the decline, and extended the time, and eventually relaxed into temperance, and have remained at that point ever since. Thus the first half of my life was abstinent—the second half temperate; and to these conditions I attribute whatever of mental and bodily vigor I may now have, and whatever of business application I have ever shown.

The landableness of its objects, and your indulgence, will excuse this episode; and the classic water-pitcher you have sent me—(modeled in the fashion of that in which a certain ever-blooming nymph was supposed to have handed something both sweeter and stronger than water to certain mythical personages who claimed a superiority over common mortals in everything except their frailties)—will be a continual remembrance of how much I am indebted to the early limitation of my imbibing faculties to the use of that innocent fluid of which—since the disappearance of Hebe, Nectar and Jupiter—it has been the appropriate holder. Very respectfully, gentlemen,

Your obedient fellow-citizen,  
THOMAS H. BENTON.

LOCOMOTIVES.—The *Cleveland Herald* claims that the "Pioneer Locomotive"—the one first imported into this country, is now at the shop of C. and P. Railroad, in this city. We believe the first locomotive that ever drew cars, on American rails, is now at Tananqua, in this State.—*Woman's Advocate*.

THE LADIES CALHOUN MONUMENT Association of Charleston realized \$550 and upwards from Mr. Meagher's lecture.

## Indian Troubles in New-Mexico.

Correspondence of the Washington Star, SANTA FE, Monday, Jan. 1, 1885.

The Indians are literally eating this country up. New-Mexico, of all the Territories, is the most numerous and savagely infested with these marauding murderers and robbers. If something is not done, we shall have to withdraw from the Territory, and leave it to the native population to the merciless rapacity of the red man, who is every day becoming more emboldened by the impunity with which he is permitted to spread desolation over the fields and death over the homes of our people. The military force now stationed here is not strong enough to do anything to ward the suppression of Indian hostilities.

The officers and soldiers are brave, energetic and faithful, but their numbers are totally inadequate. No man in the whole country is more reliant, patriotic and faithful, than the commander of the forces in this Territory, Gen. Garland—none more esteemed and beloved than he; yet the force under his command is inadequate, and Congress is bound, by every consideration, to make provision before it adjourns, for the increase of the means of defense and redress of these people, who have already suffered so much, and whose sufferings are not yet at an end, should the General Government fail to perform its duty toward them.

The people here are sadly in need of arms; and Congress, in addition to the military force here, should place at the disposal of the Governor of the Territory a thousand stand of arms, to be used by the citizen troops where occasion should require their services. Sharp's rifle, with Sharp's primer and a thirty-bore, is the weapon that we want. One of these arms saved Capt. Skillman, and several of his men against a party of fifty Indians, while engaged in bringing a party up from San Antonio.

Although the Indians were well armed with Mississippi rifles, the force with which Sharp's arm, in the hands of the intrepid Skillman, threw its balls into their midst deterred them from coming within its range, and, consequently the lives of his party were saved. Skillman killed three Indians at a distance of 600 yards. Young Mr. Smith, son of the late James M. Smith, of your city, received several spent balls from the Indians, but they were harmless. Capt. Ewell, of the Ordnance Department of this Territory, thinks such arms the greatest arm ever invented; and such is the general opinion in this country.

ENCROACHMENTS OF THE SIOUX INDIANS.—The Sioux, who have pitched their wigwags at Chaska, and at Fulton, have committed many depredations upon the citizens and their property. These outrages have recently become of so grievous a character, that the citizens of the latter place, called a meeting for the purpose of adopting such measures as would be likely to put a stop to them in the future. They have signed a petition for presentation to the Governor, asking that the Indians be removed; and if the prayer is not acceded to, they have determined on forming a company for the purpose of driving them out.

We are on tiptoe, anxiously awaiting the action of the Legislature on the railroad matter. A memorial to Congress, insisting on the demolition of last winter's charter, is the only course which will satisfy our people.—St. Paul's Pioneer of Jan. 17.

A SLAVE CASE.—We learn from *The Chicago Tribune* that an interesting slave case was recently tried before Judge Delong, in Guernsey County, Ohio. Two boys, aged respectively nine and ten years, the elder belonging to a Mr. McLee, and the younger to a man named Nowdigate, of Kentucky, were, on the 15th of January, placed in charge of N. W. Graham, at Richmond, Virginia, for the purpose of being conveyed to Kentucky, by the Ohio River. Mr. Graham, however, finding the Ohio River not navigable, went with the "property" into the State of Ohio, whose laws forbid the holding or transporting of such "chattels." He took the Central Railroad cars, and would have reached his destination safely had not the train, luckily, broken down near Cambridge, Guernsey County. During the detention the fact came to the knowledge of the County Court. A writ was issued; the boys brought into the court, and after a full hearing of the matter, Judge Delong decided that the boys were free, and accordingly they were set at liberty.

FANNY REQUIMATES.—Long & Brother of New York have announced as shortly to appear from their press, a new work entitled "The Life and Beauties of Fanny Fern." Fanny is out in a letter to the New Bedford Mercury, stating that the book announced will not appear under her "guaranty"—that she has never authorized it or been consulted in regard to it. She inclines to the opinion that the book is to be a catchpenny affair.

INSURANCE COMPANY FAILED.—The Albany Transcript says that the "Rensselaer County Insurance Company," of Lansingburgh, have made an assignment of their effects and a Receiver is appointed. Its affairs have for some time been embarrassed in consequence of heavy losses. The Company was a Joint Stock and Mutual concern, and was organized some eighteen or twenty years ago.

AMERICAN STEAMERS FOR THE EUROPEAN WAR.—It is asserted, in one of the Southampton (English) papers, that the British government have just dispatched two naval officers to the United States, to purchase a large number of steamers for war purposes. Vessels of light drafts of water for use in the sea of Azof and in the Baltic are the class understood to be wanted.

DEAD HORSES.—The Turks in the Crimea have a curious way of accounting for dead horses. It is Oriental, but satisfactory. One of the men left in charge of horses at Varga came down to Scutari to render up his accounts to the Commissariat officer of the department. The first thing he did was to produce a large sack, which was borne into the apartment of the functionary by two men. "Two hundred of your horses have died," said the Turk. "Behold! what I have said is the truth," and, at the wave of his hand, the man tumbled out the contents of the sack on the floor, 104 400 h r-e-a-r-s, long and short, and of all sizes and shapes, were piled in a heap before the eyes of the astonished officer.

A SIGNAL MISTAKE.—When Admiral Dundas left the fleet at Kamiesch Bay, a "signal" mistake occurred, which has been much talked of here. Admiral Dundas, who had previously taken a cordial farewell of the French officers and captains of the fleet, left Kamiesch in the *Fury* steam-frigate. As the frigate steamed out, all the vessels of the combined fleets manned yards, waved hats, and cheered a farewell to the gallant Admiral. While passing the *Agamemnon*, the flag ship of Sir Edmund Lyons, Admiral Dundas signalled, "My respects attend you," and to this a reply of "May happiness await you," was ordered to be hoisted. Unfortunately, however, the difference in real life, in the signal code, hanging and happiness are very much alike; and in his haste to reply, the signal officer hoisted the former instead of the latter. The mistake was rectified, though not before it had been read by the whole fleet, and the proper reply run up. The most ridiculous errors constantly take place in signalling, and the only thing which makes this blunder remarkable is that it should have occurred on board the flag-ship of Sir Edmund Lyons, and on such an occasion.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.—An English paper, descending relative to the various qualities of connubial bliss, states that in the city of London the official record for the last year stands thus: Runaway wives, 1,132; runaway husbands, 2,348; married persons legally divorced, 4,175; living in open warfare, 17,845; living in private misunderstanding, 13,279; mutually indifferent, 55,340; regarded as happy, 3,475; nearly happy, 127; perfectly happy, 13.

THE YOUTH'S CASSET, for February, is before us. It contains some very pretty things; and pretty things are pretty, whether they are original or not. There is one among the rest which goes to prove that truth is more marvellous than fiction. It is the following:

THE BUTTERFLY.—The beauty of the butterfly is proverbial; but how much more intense should be our admiration when we learn that it is a thing of 34,000 eyes, and that in a single wing there have been found 100,000 scales. The wings of many species of such extreme tenuity, that 50,000 of them placed over each other would not compose the thickness of a quarter of an inch; and yet thin as they are, each is double, so that the actual laminae here would be 100,000.

## Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Flour, extra,	per bush.	\$10.50 @ 11.00
" com. to good, West'n,	"	9.00 @ 9.50
" per sack,	"	4.62 @ 5.25
Buckwheat flour, per cwt	"	4.50
Indian meal,	"	1.75
Pork, new,	\$13.50	old, 11.00
" prime,	"	12.50
Dressed hogs, per cwt	"	\$5.00
Fish, white,	"	8.25
" salt,	"	4.25
" coarse,	"	2.00
" trout,	"	8.00
" hlf,	"	4.25
Eggs,	per doz.	30 @ 35
Butter,	per lb.	30 @ 35
Honey,	"	12 @ 15
Cheese,	"	8 @ 10c
Blackberries, dried,	"	10
Plums,	"	12 1/2
Cherries,	"	12 1/2 @ 15
Currants,	"	6
Corn,	per bush.	65c @ 67
Flax seed,	"	1.00 @ 1.25
Oats,	"	7.00
Clover,	"	2.75 @ 3.00
Timothy,	"	4.00 @ 4.25
Apples, dried,	"	1.13
" green,	"	50 @ 75
Potatoes,	"	87 @ 1.00
Onions,	"	75 @ 87
Dressed Chickens per lb	"	10c
" Turkeys	"	10c

## CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

JERIMAH C. BATES, of Lyons, Chautauque County, well known to many of our citizens as an excellent Clairvoyant Physician, has made arrangements to spend a portion of each week in the city of Buffalo, during the coming winter. He has taken rooms at 53 Tupper St. between Delaware and Franklin, where he will be found on Thursday the 23d inst. ready to attend to all calls of the afflicted. 8tf

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We also have on hand an extra quality of LEATHER HOSE, of our own manufacture; also, FIRE ENGINES, FORCE PUMPS, &c. We are likewise the SOLE agents in this city of H. R. WORTHINGTON'S Renowned PATENT STEAM SAFETY PUMP AND FIRE ENGINE. We manufacture Railroad Lanterns, Signal Lamps for Steamboats, and a greatly improved COOK STOVE, designed expressly for Steamboats, Propellers, and Hotels. A large quantity and assortment of STEAM and WATER GAUGES, and beautifully finished. GONG BELLS, for Steamboats and Hotels, comprise part of our stock. We are likewise prepared to execute any Order for STEAMBOAT, COPPER, TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK, with our usual promptness and upon terms that give good satisfaction. S. DUDLEY & SONS, 111



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**AN APPEAL.** By the spirit of PROFESSOR DAYTON, in favor of the medium through which he and numerous other spirits give lectures for this paper. He perceives that her usefulness as a medium is much impaired by the continual and increasing demand upon her, by friends who are desirous to investigate the all-important subject of spiritualism. There are many other media in this city, of whose services inquirers might and would avail themselves, but for the fact that the most of them keep themselves in the background, on account of the popular—rather theological—odium which attaches to those who, like Miss Brooks, step out boldly and take the position of targets for malice to aim its darts at. The only true way is for those who wish to investigate, to organize harmonious circles, within their own family or social circles, and develop media for themselves. This is practicable everywhere. But let us hear PROFESSOR DAYTON:

## To the Friends of Spiritualism.

Being a spirit who cares for, and feels an interest in, Miss Brooks, I make no hesitancy in saying she is overtaxed by the friends of truth who call upon her to receive messages from their spirit friends. Miss Brooks, possessing a benevolent disposition, she cannot say no to any one, nor refuse any one the privilege of investigating this subject, or to receive messages from the immortal world for the earnest seeker for light and truth. Now we appeal directly to your generosity, by saying it is not right for any one to call upon her and cause her to sit some three or four hours when perhaps what manifestations you receive neither benefit you nor her. In the first place, it is right that you should ask of her the privilege of a sitting, and not trespass upon her time by intruding unceremoniously. Never do this, especially when you are aware of a spirit's delivering a lecture through her; because it unnecessarily disturbs the harmony we have produced and generally creates an agitation in the minds that form our batteries, and we consequently cannot continue the lecture then being given. We do not desire that personal communications shall be received through her. We are developing and unfolding her mind for the reception of our influence, through which we only design to deliver lectures for the public. We require her to sit sometimes three or four evenings in the week for lectures, and this is as great a taxation as should be demanded of any medium. The physical manifestations do not injure her mediumship. It is well enough to have these demonstrations occasionally. We wish our friends to take what we say and advise kindly, for it comes from a pure and true mind.

E. C. DAYTON.

## Edmonds and Dexter on Spiritualism.

We do not feel competent to draw a comparison between the first volume on spiritualism, issued by these gentlemen, and the second volume, now before us. We speak conscientiously, however, when we give it as our opinion that they have done more than any other two men living, leaving A. J. DAVIS out of the question, for the advance of the cause of spiritualism. We have not yet had leisure to give this second volume such a perusal as is necessary to enable us to speak of its merits as freely as we could wish to. Nevertheless, we have made its acquaintance sufficiently to warrant us in affirming that no man or woman who purchases it and reads it, will ever be sorry for the investment or time devoted to it.

There is, in the case of both of those gentlemen, and more particularly in that of Judge Edmonds, what may be termed a moral grandeur, a sublimity of independent thought and action, which stamps the mind as that of a greater hero than who leads embattled hosts and braves death in the field of carnage. Whilst the latter is sure of his garrison of renown and immortal honor, whether he survive or fall, the former has no other incentive but the approbation of his own conscience and the good he can do to his fellow man, in the thankless task of moral and spiritual regeneration, to which he devotes his energies and his life.

Judge Edmonds stood as high as a man could stand, in the judiciary of the state, and in the confidence and affections of the people. His position was a most enviable one; and no one could better appreciate it than himself. He knew the consequence to himself of apparently descending from his elevated position, to espouse the despised cause of spiritualism. He saw and felt and knew that every thing that the grossest calumny could urge against him, would be made to ring through the length and breadth of the state and nation. He knew that he must resign his office, and that he would be called a lunatic, an imbecile, a mad man. He knew that, if it were practicable for bigotry to reduce him to beggary and starvation, it would be done. All these things he well knew; yet he took the path of duty and breathed the shock of calumny and remorseless persecution, with a coolness of moral integrity which was astonishing to the whole country. He has gloriously triumphed. He has fought and conquered; and henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of glory which will grow brighter and brighter, through the endless ages of eternity.

HAWKS has the second volume for sale.

Try to get rid of chronic prejudices.

## "God—Was God Created? Matter—Was Matter Created?"

The above, it will be remembered, was the subject of PROFESSOR DAYTON's lecture, in last week's paper. The subject was a most momentous one, and the manner in which the disembodied lecturer handled it was thrillingly interesting. This lecture possessed a highly illuminated mind which in the flesh; and as he is now in the sixth sphere of development, his opinion, even on a subject as profound as the one treated on, is eminently worthy of respectful consideration by us mortals, whose opportunities for the acquisition of a high order of philosophical knowledge, are so vastly inferior to his.

The idea that God is a progressive being, seems to be entirely beyond the comprehension of the general mind of the present age. It involves the startling, and, to the timid, almost appalling proposition, that God can and will be more exalted, in all the attributes of Deity, than he now is; that he has been less exalted than he now is; and that there was a commencement to his organic existence. To those minds who have been accustomed to view the Infinite Ruler of all creations as the same from eternity to eternity, and having existed alone, in a universe of chaos, till sixty centuries ago, when he first conceived the grand idea of creating what is now known as the physical universe, this idea is incomprehensible and totally repulsive, and they cannot listen to it without manifestations of surprise that such a thing should be thought of, either in earth or heaven.

We have learned that it is best to receive every new idea with all the coolness of philosophical thought, and weigh them carefully in the balance of reason, before we venture to pass judgment upon them. Let us take the converse of the proposition that God is a progressive Being, and see whether it will lead us. If God have never progressed, but eternally existed with all his attributes up to the fullness of perfection which was it that his omniscience did not prompt him to create this material universe till yesterday? If he will eternally remain stationary, will not the progressive spirit of man, at some period in the round of eternal ages, equal him in perfection? No rational mind can possibly doubt that man is an eternally progressive being; for the same law which makes him progressive now, must continue to operate the same forever. We know from daily observation that the infant spirit progresses all the way up to manhood. We know that, at the commencement of its manifestation of intelligence, it is the merest spark of undeveloped spiritual essence. We know that it increases continually in intellectual capabilities. We know that the infant mind expands continually with the growth of the physical form, until manhood is attained physically and metaphysically, simultaneously, if the spirit have had as favorable opportunities to expand and wax strong, as the body has had. And we know that, after the physical form has attained to the perfection of its development, the spirit still progresses in knowledge and refinement, till the external senses through which it manifests its qualities, become so impaired that it can no longer communicate intelligently with the external world, which condition is termed second childhood.

Now, in these results, we discover the law of eternal progression; and what folly or absurdity would be equal to that of saying that this law shall continue to operate till the human spirit shall arrive at a given point of perfection, and then cease, leaving it stationary, without further advancement, or aspiration, to endure a monotonous existence, to which the tortures attributed to hell would be preferable? We cannot conceive of any idea of spiritual philosophy, which would be less acceptable to a rational mind than this.

Well, then, we have arrived at the inevitable conclusion that the spirit of man is eternally progressive. Now let us see where our stationary God is. Then let us look at the endlessness of eternity. From these objects of contemplation, let the mind come back to the rapidly progressing spirit of man, and it will perceive that the latter, some time in the course of eternal ages, must equal God in perfection. Do we hear it objected that the progressing human spirit is to forever approach the perfection of Deity, without the possibility of ever reaching it? And is this accounted for on the principle of the infinite divisibility of matter, distances and differences? This is the only philosophy on which such an eternal approximation can be predicated; but look at its fallacy:

Let us conceive the difference between Deity and the advancing human spirit to be half over come by the latter. That result must be produced by the lapse of ages and the progress of the spirit. Then let us look ahead to another point in the infinite future, at which half of the remaining difference will be surmounted. So let us keep looking ahead till the difference has been similarly bisected a thousand million of times, when we shall find the difference between Deity and human perfection to be reduced to one imperceptible, even to the vision of archangels. Now, if one of those progressed human spirits shall want, so little of being equal to God, in perfection of all its attributes, two of them might unite their power and dethrone him, if another such a rebellion should occur as John the Revelator and John Milton have described to us.

The above reasoning, turn and twist as we may, will bring us to the conclusion that God is necessarily a progressive Being. From this point let us trace, retrogressively, his line of progress, and we shall find him diminishing continually from his present sublimation of refinement, till we reach his organic commencement, somewhere in the past eternity of the existence of matter. Now, we do not say that

these are our matured sentiments; but even if they were, and we should give expression to them, we can see no reason why any free mind should be horrified by it, or why any reasonable spirit incarnate should stand aghast, shivering with terror, at this or any other free discussion.

The following is the lecture of PROFESSOR DAYTON, of the spirit world, on the subject of the strange manifestations in California, as promised in last week's paper:

## The Thrilling Nights of the Twentieth and Twenty-First of August, in California.

This mysterious adventure of spirits in California, may, by many intelligent minds, be called a fiction. I now express my belief that there is not in the entire organization of human nature, a mind so constituted as to possess the power and talent to produce such an article, without a true and firm foundation. Nor, again, is there a mind upon earth that can bring forth such a philosophy as we know to have been expressed in that production, without the assistance of a higher power, or spirit. In the article, there were produced, both by science and philosophy, truths that have their intimate and perfectly harmonious relation to the spirit world, to the disorganization of the spirit from the physical structure, and to the organization of its spiritual body.

In this production, there was much said of the "out-creations" of the spirit. The spirits do have out-creations; and I presume, should I or you ask the man who witnessed the manifestations, he could not answer philosophically, what the term, out-creations, signifies. There is still another expression which is seldom used by spirits; and that is "The Arch." The out-creations of this man, undergoing the transition, were the attracting together of the particles of matter which emanated from his physical organization and spirit. These atoms of matter form creations distinct from the creation or construction of the spiritual body.

The Arch is the combining of the faculties of the spirit with its spiritual form, and the manifestation of the functions of the mind, when its, or the spirit's, combination and relation to its spiritual organization is completed.

"Arch and motion" signify the agitation of the mind when it beholds itself in the dark passage from the human to an infinite existence.

"Arch, motion and action," signify the relative connection of the spirit to the attractive properties of the sublimated matter emanating from a higher sphere of development, the agitation of the forces of the electrical combinations with the forces of magnetism, the vital action of the different fluids which penetrate and impart life to the spirit and its spiritual form, and the anatomical and eternal principles which elevate the spirit to its true sphere of progression and development.

"Arch, motion, action and harmony" signify the unity of the progression, development, refinement and completion of the spirit's construction. It was supposed—was it not—that separation from the form was complete, when the man spoke? This is my belief upon that point: That the body was to their understanding, dead. That life was extinct when the odic fluid was diffused through the man's physical system when he spoke. Now the question arises: What spoke? Not the odic fluid, because there was a high degree of intelligence manifested. The odic fluid was the medium of speech; but the mind was the intelligence. Consequently the spirit still held its sympathetic relation to that inanimate form. The spirit was not entirely separated from the body. But when the lips moved and uttered words, the last tie which the spirit held to the form, was broken. The mind had its intimate connection with the body when the hand moved and wrote. The hand of that man did not write of itself, but spirits wrote with the hand. The man's mind was not the fount of knowledge from which this mass of intelligence emanated; the source was higher minds. That this occurrence did actually take place, cannot be disputed, for we can bring forward any amount of evidence to bear against all opposition. The man that wrote the article has not the talent to produce such a correct philosophy of the spirit, without spiritual aid. Philosophy does not disprove what was written with the hand. Science does not disprove the great truths manifested in that powerful intelligence. A deep and scientific mind will readily perceive that such an amount of talent and knowledge could not have been transmitted to paper, if it had been a fiction; for an absolute falsehood could not harmonize with an eternal truth. The truth was philosophically exhibited in the communications given by spirits, written with the apparently lifeless hand.

It is not in accordance with the laws of creation, that, out of a falsehood, truth can find an origin. Now if that article was only based upon fiction, why did that spirit support it? and why did the falsifying mind, if such it was, know and comprehend those immutable principles which control the immortal mind and form? How could that false mind penetrate the dark passage of the spirit in its transition, and achieve a unity of truths constantly unfolded only in the infinite mind? How can a false light blend with a true light? It cannot any more than God can harmonize with the devil. And I would ask those who believe these wonderful manifestations to be fictitious, to answer my questions, and I will advance other ideas upon the subject.

E. C. DAYTON.

Here we remarked to the spirit that the spiritualists of New York city had received numerous communications from California, assuring them that the marvellous manifestations said to have been witnessed on the nights of the 20th and 21st of August, were the fruits of a fertile imagination, and that no such thing

ever happened; and we desired the spirit to inform us whether his faith in the truth of the account was founded merely on the laws of philosophy; and logical deductions, or whether he had any personal knowledge of the facts. To this he replied as follows:

There is a spirit here that claims to be the man through whom these manifestations were produced. Mr. SMITH has been to California, investigating this subject, and claims to have seen the manuscript, and, through various spirits, learned that they were present at the time and did write with a cold and inanimate hand, and that those men were present who, it seems, have been, to many minds, writing falsehoods. I have not been to California myself, but intend to go. My belief, at present, is only based upon reason and philosophy, and what Mr. SMITH says. Mr. SMITH does not know whether the man's name was LANE or NOT.

E. C. D.

## Mrs. Judson's Lecture.

There was an error in the lecture of the spirit of MRS. ANN H. JUDSON, which was so plain to every one who has ever read her history, that it seemed very singular that it should have been made by herself. It was that sentence which lays the scene of her death and interment at the Sandwich Islands. The medium—Miss Brooks—remarked at the time of handing us the lecture, that she thought Mrs. Judson died in the empire of Birmah. As is our custom, we published the lecture as we received it. When we enquired into the subject, we found that Miss B. was right and the spirit wrong. Our own want of knowledge on the subject, let us confess, was owing to the fact that we never felt any interest in these foreign missions. The reason was that we always have more than enough of moral reform for all our countrymen and countrywomen who choose to devote their lives and energies to the betterment of the human race; and we always had faith that God could, and in his own good time, would, raise up religious reformers in every country where such reformation is necessary. Hence our reading of the lives and doings of missionaries has been very limited.

A friend of ours came in yesterday and enquired of us how Mrs. Judson came to make such a mistake about the place where her ashes were deposited. We replied that we could not tell, but that we would go to the medium and see if we could get an interview with Mrs. J. herself, and ascertain the cause of the error. Accordingly we went, about four P. M., and took a seat at the table with the medium. We soon received raps, but they were quite faint ones. The rapping spirit informed us that the state of the atmosphere was so unfavorable that it was almost impossible for spirits to communicate. We told her our business, saying that we much desired to have an interview with Mrs. Judson, to get her correction of an error which she made in her lecture. She said I will go and call her. There was no more rapping for a few minutes; after which they commenced again, and the rapping spirit said: I have seen Mrs. Judson, but she is otherwise engaged at present, and cannot come. She told me to say to you that she was astonished when she found it stated in her lecture, that her form was lying mouldering with the soil of the Sandwich Islands. She said, when I got to the conclusion of the sentence;

"I worked for humanity, and my form lies decayed on a foreign shore."

She was called away for a minute or two, during which time, the spirit of CHARLES SMITH, who rapped for her, went on and gave the following sentence:

"On the Sandwich Islands, a spot still held sacred to me, the ashes of my once active form, lie slumbering and mingling with a foreign soil."

She says that when she returned, Charles did not tell her of the sentence which he had given, and she did not know of the error till after the lecture was published. She added that she will give a short history of her life, for your next paper, in which she will make the correction.

This circumstance goes to show that spirits are frequently as ignorant of past circumstances as we are, and that they only know as much more, in the spirit world, than they did when in the flesh, as they have learned since they have been there. CHARLES SMITH, who was the spirit that rapped for Mrs. Judson, was a shoe-maker in Toronto, C. W., and knew about as much of the lives and doings of American missionaries as we did. He thought Mrs. Judson died and was buried at the Sandwich Islands, and he saw no harm in helping her along with her lecture, to the amount of that little sentence, whilst she was absent. We have no doubt that Charles will profit by the mistake he made, and attend only to his own business next time.

**Our Infidelity.**

Some correspondent of ours, who manufactures his or her own grammar rules, spells phonographically, and uses a lower-case "a" for a signature, seems to have imbued the notion that we are *non recte in rebus divinis*. The poor silly-headed thing begs us to keep our infidelity out of our paper. Now, in return, we beg the writer to read the Scotchman's advertisement of his snuff, which closes with the couplet:

"Gin ye tak a pinch an' try,  
Dinna like it, dinna buy."

Some people use the term "infidelity" without having the least idea of its import. We allow every man and woman to believe what ever they find convincing evidence in. If they do not subscribe to our faith, and we cannot subscribe to theirs, we have the same right to call them infidels that they have to call us so. We believe in a Supreme Ruler of the universe,

and we agree to call that Being God. Is there infidelity in that? We believe in the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and that he was the purest spirit and the greatest reformer that history gives any account of. Is this infidelity? We do not believe that he was God, or his own father. Is this infidelity? We believe in the eternal existence of the human soul. Is this infidelity? We believe that every human spirit, after passing from this state of existence, takes position, or condition, in the spirit world, according to its degree of advancement in this life; that the more moral and spiritual the earth life is, the more elevated and the more happy the spirit will be after its transition, and that, from the point of elevation at which it enters the spirit world, it will progress onward and upward eternally. Is this infidelity? We believe that the idea of a personal devil, such as orthodox divines have preached for many ages, is a gross superstition and absurdity. Is this infidelity? We believe that there are very many things in the historical parts of the collection of books called The Bible, which are as fabulous as many other things in the histories of other ancient nations. We believe that the history of creation as recorded in Genesis, is one of those pieces of fabulous history, and that the story of the general deluge, which made the earth more than ten miles larger in diameter than it was before the story, is another of those fables. Is this infidelity?

If all these articles of faith, and articles of want of faith, are evidences of infidelity, taken together, we are perfectly willing to be called infidels. What says little "a" to this?

## The California Manifestations.

Inasmuch as we copied the article on the above subject from the Boston *New Era*, we will copy the worthy editor's apology for publishing it, which we find in the last number of that paper. We can the better afford to help the *New Era* get its apologetic article before the public, that we have no apology of our own to make for doing the same thing. We plead guilty of having been hoaxed by the story, if hoax it was. At first we did not believe it; and whilst we did not believe it, we did not publish it. When we did give it to our readers, we believed it to be true. On re-reading it, we found it to be so exceedingly able—so profoundly philosophical, that we could not believe it possible for a mind which was capable of producing such a finished and such an exalted piece of physio-spiritual philosophy, to stoop to the folly and baseness of perpetrating a hoax which involved so much intellectual labor, and the prostitution of so high an order of genius and talent. Besides these considerations, we were assured by elevated spirits that the account was philosophically true, and that they had no doubt of its being true in fact.

In another column will be found a lecture on the subject, by the spirit of Professor EDGAR C. DAYTON. This is a spirit in the sixth sphere, and one who was a close student of science when in the flesh. It will be seen that he knows the account to be philosophically true, and believes it to be literally true. But we will let the reader judge of Professor D.'s lecture for himself, and ask his attention to the apology of our contemporary, which follows:

## "That California Story."

Brother Brittan, we see, congratulates himself on not having transferred to the columns of the *Telegraph*, "The Eventful Nights," etc., which we and some others published some little time ago. Well, from one point of view, perhaps that was a lucky escape for our New York contemporary, and from the point of view, a very unlucky plight for himself and our fellow victims to be found in. Nevertheless, we have one consolation, at least, and that is, that we never gave the least intimation that the story alluded to was anything more than a story—a veritable fiction, if one pleases to call it so. We published it in that part of our paper where we generally put things of that nature, and our own most predominant conviction was, that it was fiction; and so we wrote a brief introduction to that effect, which, contrary to our expectation, was not printed. And as it did not get in type in regular order, and the point was not absolutely material, we let it pass, concluding, on reflection, that our readers had minds of their own, and consequently would be able to judge of the matter as well as ourselves; and we have thus far had no particular reasons for changing our convictions on that score. We don't know why we should be forever making introductions and explanations to every possible thing we publish, lest somebody else should meet with the mishap of wrongly interpreting what others have to say. Neither do we know why well-written fiction is not admissible into the *Spiritual Journals*—especially when it bears so directly upon the great subject of Spiritualism in so pre-eminently philosophical a manner as "The Eventful Nights," etc., so fully illustrated.

If the apparent facts of that story were veritable facts, they were, though wonderful and extraordinary, nothing more in principle, power and intelligence, than have been repeatedly witnessed under different modes of manifestation for the last four or five years. Indeed, they were not so wonderful, for they were produced (supposing them to have been facts) through a human organism, which had, of course, all the organic conditions of use from Spirit power. Intrinsically, therefore, they bore the marks of much greater probability, to say the least, than many well authenticated facts of lifting tables into the air without any possible physical contact. Nevertheless the manner of telling the story, also told the story of a creature mind, which could, upon occasion, make the ideal seem the real—so true to the phenomena of the times where the laws, principles and philosophy involved in the "Eventful Nights," etc. It was, at least, capital fiction, because it taught a capital philosophy—was comprehensive in its ideas, and breathed a most excellent spirit. We thought it calculated to do good, and therefore printed it.

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## A Well Authenticated Case of Trance.

Human entrancement, and the temporary absence of the spirit from the physical system, must be allowed an earlier date, in this country, than the advent of the spiritual manifestations of the present generation. We have, of all ages, heard many astounding circumstances, of this nature, always at a distance; but this which we are about to publish, is matter of history in a neighboring state, which not even a member of the orthodox clergy of that state dare to deny. We extract it from a work of a late date, entitled: "HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY." We commence at the description of an ancient church, near Englishtown:

Near the battle-field of Monmouth stands the first Presbyterian church of Freehold, erected in 1752. It is of wood, shingled, and painted white. It stands partially enveloped in a grove of forest trees, is surrounded by an old graveyard, and has an ancient and venerable appearance. It is on the site of a former one, and public worship has been held on this venerated place for about two centuries. On this spot, within the walls of the church, Whitefield, David Brainerd, and the two Tennents, have labored and prayed.

At the time of the battle, a person, while sitting on a grave-stone in the yard, was mortally wounded by a cannon-ball. He was carried into the church, and there died. His blood stained the floor, and remains plainly visible to the present day, a melancholy memento, in this house of God, of those dark and troublesome times. Col. Monckton, of the British grenadiers, killed at Monmouth, lies buried within six feet of the west end of the church. He was a gallant officer, and of splendid personal appearance. No monument is there, but his name, rudely cut on the building, marks the spot.

The Rev. William Tennent, remarkable for his piety, and devotedness to the Christian cause, was, for a long period, the pastor of this church. He came from Ireland, in 1718, with his father, the Rev. William Tennent, and was educated under his tuition, at the Log College on the banks of the Neshaminy. Being of a serious turn, he resolved to devote himself to the gospel ministry, and commenced the study of divinity under the direction of his brother, the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, pastor of the church at New Brunswick. While there, he was thrown into a remarkable trance, and remained apparently dead for a number of days. The following account is from a Life of Mr. Tennent, ascribed to Elias Boudinot, LL.D., and first published in the Evangelical Intelligencer, a work printed in Philadelphia:

After a regular course of study in theology, Mr. Tennent was preparing for his examination by the Presbytery as a candidate for the gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health, and brought on a pain in his breast and a slight hectic. He soon became emaciated, and at length was like a living skeleton. His life was now threatened. He was attended by a physician, a young man who was attached to him by the strictest and warmest friendship. He grew worse and worse, till little hope of his life was left. In this situation his spirits failed him, and he began to entertain doubts of his final happiness. He was conversing one morning with his brother, in Latin, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away. After the usual time, he was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country, and the neighborhood were invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening, his physician and friend returned from a ride in the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain; and, on being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into warm water, to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral should be requested not to attend. "To this the brother objected, as absurd,"—the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life; but the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success but by the doctor, who never left him night nor day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request for delay to one hour, then to half an hour, and finally to a quarter of an hour. He had discovered that the tongue was much swollen, and threatened to crack; he was endeavoring to soften it by some emollient ointment put upon it with a feather, when the brother came in, about the expiration of the last period, and, mistaking what the doctor was doing for an attempt to feed him, manifested some resentment, and in a spirited tone said, "It is shameful to be feeding a lifeless corpse,"—and insisted, with earnestness, that the funeral should immediately proceed. At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed in hopes of bringing about a speedy resurrection. In about an hour the eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour, life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and

to the no small astonishment and conviction of very many who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring to life a dead body.

Mr. Tennent continued in so weak and low a state for six weeks, that great doubts were entertained of his final recovery. However, after that period he recovered much faster; but it was about 12 months before he was completely restored. After he was able to walk the room, and to take notice of what passed around him, on a Sunday afternoon, his sister, who had stayed from church to attend him, was reading in the Bible, when he took notice of it, and asked her what she had in her hand. She answered that she was reading the Bible. He replied, "What is the Bible? I know not what you mean." This afflicted the sister so much, that she burst into tears, and informed him that he was once well acquainted with it. On her reporting this to the brother when he returned, Mr. Tennent was found, upon examination, to be totally ignorant of every transaction of his life previous to his sickness. He could not read a single word, neither did he seem to have an idea of what it meant. As soon as he became capable of attention, he was taught to read and write, as children are usually taught, and afterwards began to learn the Latin language under the tuition of his brother. One day as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly started, clasped his hand to his head, as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. His brother asked him what was the matter: he said that he felt a sudden shock in his head, and it now seemed to him as if he had read that book before. By degrees his recollection was restored, and he could speak the Latin as fluently as before his sickness. His memory so completely revived, that he gained a perfect knowledge of the past transactions of his life, as if no difficulty had previously occurred. This event, at that time, made a considerable noise, and afforded not only matter of serious contemplation to the devout Christian, especially when connected with what follows in this narrative, but furnishing a subject of deep investigation and learned inquiry to the real philosopher and curious anatomist.

The writer of these memoirs was greatly interested by these uncommon events, and, on a favorable occasion, earnestly pressed Mr. Tennent for a minute account of what his views and apprehensions were while he lay in this extraordinary state of suspended animation. He discovered great reluctance to enter into any explanation of his perceptions and feelings at this time; but being importunately urged to do it, he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described:

"While I was conversing with my brother," said he, "on the state of my soul, and the fears I had entertained for my future welfare, I found myself, in an instant, in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior Being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly waited along, I knew not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy chance, and thought: 'Well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an innumerable host of happy beings, surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise, with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng,—on which he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'You must return to the earth.' This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollect to have seen my brother standing before me disputing with the doctor. The three days during which I had appeared lifeless, seemed to me not more than ten or twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble, gave me such a shock, that I fainted repeatedly." He added, "Such was the effect upon my mind of what I had seen and heard, that, if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world and the things of it, for some time afterward I was that person. The ravishing sounds of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears, when awake, for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it could command my serious attention."

The mighty spirits of our race, are as the lyric thoughts of God, that drop and breathe from his Almighty solitude;—transient, cords flying forth from the strings, as his solemn hand wanders over the possibilities of beauty. One only finished expression of his mind, one entire symmetric saint, has fallen upon our world. In Christ, we have the overflowing world, the deep and beautiful soliloquy, of the Most High; not his message and his argument,—for in that, there were no Religion,—but the very poetry of God, which could not have been told us, face to face, but only cast in meditation, upon the silence of history. Not more certainly do we discern in the writings of Shakespeare, the greatest manifestation of human genius, than in the reality of Christ, the highest expression of the Divine. Not more clearly does the worship of the saintly soul, breathing through its windows opened to the midnight, betray the secrets of its affections,—than the mind of Jesus of Nazareth, reveals the perfect thought, and inmost love of the All-ruling God.—James Martineau.

## A Haunted House.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, after paying a well merited tribute to the ability with which that journal is conducted, communicates as follows:

"But the object of this communication is to speak of an incident which the various topics discussed in the *Telegraph* have brought fresh to my mind, and which happened in the family of one of my uncles, some twelve years ago, living in York county, in this state."

"The water which was used by the family had to be brought from a well about twenty yards from the house, and here the mysterious things of which I shall briefly speak first commenced. The water became soiled and dirty before it was brought to the house. Again and again was the lucid mountain water dipped from the well, but with no better success; it invariably became soiled by the infusion of dirt and mud, and unfit for use. This work, however, was soon dropped, and operations were commenced in the house."

"The first of these was when the family were sitting around the table at their meals. Some filthy matter from the barn yard was deposited on some one's plate. I can not now tell whether this was done repeatedly or not, as some of the most important features have slipped my mind. The mysterious war then commenced in the cellar. Barrels, tubs and pots were upset, and their contents emptied on the ground. Efforts were made, when the barrels commenced moving, to keep them at their place, but all to no purpose. The strongest man had to yield to the invisible power. Much crockery was broken in the kitchen by being thrown from the shelves and tables. Chairs were moved and thrown about the rooms, but in no case were they thrown to hit anybody that may have been in the way."

"Very often this mysterious agency would cease his work below and commence rumbling away up stairs with dreadful earnestness. One man was so enraged at this evil-working demon, that he declared that, if it was possible, he would discover the devil. So saying he rushed up stairs. He was, however, no sooner up, when a bundle of rags lying in the room, packed for the store, flew at his head with a rapidity that made him wish to return again."

In this way the mysterious influence kept working for nearly four days, with but brief intermissions, during which time hundreds of neighbors and strangers, prompted by curiosity, came to see for themselves. Among them was a minister of the gospel, who said that these things were done by a little cousin of mine, who was then living with that family; that she had read a book which was left carelessly lying in her reach during the absence of the family, that contained charms for the performance of such things. It is true that such a foolish book lay somewhere in the house of my uncle; but the girl played her innocence, which was established when it was found that she could not read. Others said it was witchcraft, or was performed by a person who could make himself invisible by some charm or other. This latter I somehow believed, for I did not know how else it could be done until spiritualism made its appearance. Now my faith is somewhat shaken on that point, and I feel disposed to believe that if spirits can visit the earth, the above was the work of spirits."

Your humble servant in search of truth,  
JOHN A. HOOVER.

## An Ominous Vision.

The following story, says the *Spiritual Telegraph*, may be depended upon as authentic, though we are forbidden to mention names: A lady now residing in this city formerly lived in Canada. While there, as she was walking out one day, she met, in a foot-path, what appeared to be a man seated on a white horse, with a coffin before him lying across the horse's back. She turned out of the path to allow the horse to pass. The vision seemed an actual physical reality. She followed it with her eye along the path until it seemed to turn into the lane which led to her father's house, but she could not say certainly that it did, as it disappeared about that time behind some intervening objects. On returning to the house she asked her mother whether she had seen a man on horseback with a coffin before him, but was answered in the negative, and she could hear nothing of the stranger's having been seen by any of the neighbors. A week or two afterward the dead body of the lady's brother was brought home apparently by the identical man, on the identical white horse, and in the identical coffin which she had seen in the vision above related. The coffin was conveyed on horseback in consequence of the impassability of the road to a wagon, that section of the country not having been yet cleared and improved to any great extent.

## An Old-time Temperance Lecture.

We find the following in the "Carson League," furnished by a correspondent, who claims that he found it in an old-fashioned book, and who regards it as "a model lecture." "The speaker," says he, "was a woman—a mother: not in a desk of a church or hall, to a large congregation, but to such an audience as any mother ought to be grateful to obtain." Read the Lecture:

"It is not for Kings, O Lemuel, it is not for Kings to drink wine, nor Princes, strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of the afflicted."

How significant the warning addressed to the people of this land, where every elector is a prince in his own right, and as such, clothed with the governing power! A debauched people are a more terrible scourge than a debauched King; and Republican Legislatures, under the influence of "strong drink," are quite as likely to "forget the law, and pervert the judgment of the afflicted," as despotic princes.

## The Mayor's Letter to President Pierce.

The following is the letter addressed by Mayor Wood to the President, in reference to the shipment of foreign paupers and criminals to the port of New York:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, JAN. 2, 1855.  
His Excellency, Franklin Pierce,  
President of the United States:

DEAR SIR:—There can be no doubt, that for many years, this port has been made a sort of penal colony for felons and paupers, by the local authorities of several of the continental European nations. The desperate character of a portion of the people arriving here from those countries, together with the increase of crime and misery among that class of our population, with other facts before us, prove, conclusively, that such is the case.

It is unnecessary to refer to the gross wrong thus perpetrated upon this city. It requires from me no allusion to the jeopardy of our lives and property from this cause.—Men who, by a long career of crime and destitution have learned to recognise no laws, either civil or natural, cannot fail to produce feelings of terror at their approach.

The inherent right of every community to protect itself from dangers arising from such immigration, cannot be questioned. New York has submitted to it long enough. The disease and pauperism arriving here, almost daily from abroad, is, of itself, a sufficient evil; but when to it is added crime, we must be permitted to remonstrate. We ask the interference of the general government; as it is its duty to protect us from foreign aggression, with ball and cannon, so it is its duty to protect us against an enemy more insidious and destructive, though coming in another form.

I call your attention to this subject, hoping it will receive from you that action which its very great importance to the whole country demands.

I am very truly yours, &c.,  
FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

## A New State—Oregon.

On Monday last, a bill passed the House of Representatives, which authorizes the people of Oregon Territory to assemble in convention and form a Constitution and State Government.—When the constitution shall have been formed, it will be submitted to Congress. If it meets the requirements of the Federal Constitution, and is republican in its character, then the Territory will be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, and bear the name of the State of Oregon. The following is a synopsis of the provisions of the bill.

The usual Courts are to be established, and until another census and apportionment, the new State is to be entitled to one Representative in the Congress of the United States. Sections 16 and 36 in every township of the public lands in said State are to be granted for the use of schools; two entire sections are to be given for the use and support of a university; and ten entire sections are to be appropriated for completing the public buildings of said State, or for the erection of others. Five per cent of the net proceeds of the sales of the public lands lying within the State are to be paid to the State for the purpose of making public roads and canals in the same as the Legislature thereof shall direct, upon condition there be no interference with the primary disposal of the soil within the same, and that no tax is to be laid upon the lands of the United States and no higher tax upon non-resident proprietors than upon residents.

INFORMATION IN DREAMS.—A lady of our acquaintance, residing in Williamsburg, and in whose word entire reliance may be placed, has furnished us the following particulars of her experience in dream-life:

She dreamed one night that if she would go to New York the next day, and call at a certain store kept by a man of her acquaintance, she would meet her mother, whom she had not seen or communicated with for some weeks. The next day she felt strongly impelled to go to the place indicated in her dream, and finally yielded to the impulse, though she resisted for some time. On entering the store, she inquired if her mother had been there, and was answered in the negative—that they had not seen her for weeks, but believed that she was in Williamsburg. Our friend answered that her mother was not in Williamsburg, and just as this was said, the mother came in and met with her daughter in the precise manner indicated in the dream of the latter.

The same lady, on another occasion, was impressed in a dream that if she would call, the next day, at the office of a certain lawyer, she would meet her sister. She accordingly called, but on inquiring of the lawyer if her sister had been there, or whether he expected her, was answered in the negative; but that moment the sister entered the door.

These are only specimens of the many psychological impressions of a similar kind which this lady has received, and is accustomed to constantly receive, during her hours of slumber. She is not a Spiritualist, and is at a loss to account for her visions and these subsequent verifications in actual occurrence.—*Spirit. Tel.*

## "The Pure Juice of the Grape."

Many of our fashionable wine-bibbers, while drinking themselves into delirium tremens, hug the idea that they are enjoying the juice of the grape. Deluded souls! The shadow of a vine-leaf never cooled the fruit from which their beverage was pressed. So general so well-nigh universal are liquor adulterations at the present day, that should this state of things continue, pure wine will ere long be considered as a myth, like the fabled nectar of the gods.

which poets might blab about but never drink, and every-day mortals might covet, but never savor. See what stuff is palmed upon our credulous tipplers from upper-tendom down to the broad domain of the indiscriminating million, under the name of "pure wine!"

The New York Herald declares that "nineteenth of the brandy and wine sold in that city, 'should be split into the East River'—and that it is 'a vile compound of poisons, in which champagne and other deadly drugs are mixed with vinegar and currant wine—the whole being sold with authentic French or other foreign labels!'"

And this is the compound, a free imbibition of which constitutes one of the peculiar privileges of fashionable society! No wonder that when Death rides on such a horse, Hell follows after.—*Prohibitionist.*

CONVICTION OF A DUELIST.—JUAN PAGES has been found guilty of man slaughter at New Orleans, with a recommendation to mercy, for killing JUAN FOSTER in a duel. This is the first time in the annals of Louisiana that a conviction for dueling has taken place, although the statutes making the slaying of man in a duel murder are coeval with the constitution of the State.

The duel, it appears, was fought with knives; the parties were equal in physical power; and when one objected to the knife of the other, the latter offered and actually did exchange knives, and with the weapon of his antagonist slew him.

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The objects of this Institution are to afford a secure place where Money may be deposited for safe keeping, drawing interest, and be drawn out at any time; and also to loan Money in moderate sums, on citizens upon Real Estate, at a legal rate of interest. It is hoped that the names of the Officers and Trustees are a sufficient guarantee of the character of the Institution, and the safeguards imposed by its Charter and By-Laws afford the amplest security to depositors. In addition to these, the Trustees of the Bank have made such arrangements, that in no event can the deposits be assessed for the payment of the expenses of the Bank. It is believed that this Institution offers the following advantages to our citizens, and especially to our workmen:

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CYRUS P. LEE, Sec'y and Treas.  
Buffalo, N. Y., August 23, 1854. 1-114

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1-114